What He Deserves

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What He Deserves

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Will Graham hates Hannibal Lecter. He knows exactly how to get on Will's nerves… but that doesn't mean Will's above fucking him as part of his "therapy".

Kinktober Day 23: Hate Sex + Deepthroating & Facesitting

It’s not a perfect system, but it’s their system. It’s an unethical, unorthodox system, and why Will ever agreed to it, no one knows.

It’s nearly every fucking night now that Lecter is tagging on to analyze more crime scenes with him, per orders of Jack Crawford.

Oh, oh. If Jack Crawford knew about this, they’d both definitely be fired.

Sex therapy in its finest form. In a literal form.

Lecter had suggested it after he’d asked if Will was taking the time to “care for himself”, and Will had snapped that such a question is extremely inappropriate for a doctor/patient space. Which, Hannibal responded, “We’re just having conversations.”

“Will?” Hannibal questioned, sounding a little caught off-guard, a little surprised by the younger man’s presence at his doorstep. Though, Will has no clue why. This is a nearly nightly occurrence now, so Hannibal should come to expect this. It’s all that Will is paying for at this point. Their therapy sessions have merged just into a whole hour of Hannibal helping him “destress”. Which is just his cock up his ass, sometimes Hannibal takes him down his throat.

Will gets a sadistic pleasure from coming all over that refined palate. He bets that Hannibal can taste how much it pleases him, how much he loves to make a mess of the distinguished man. And it’s just what he needs tonight after all the shit that Lecter put him through earlier in the day.

Hannibal steps aside, actively welcoming Will in with his body. He does step in, and realizes that Hannibal must’ve just finished dinner. It smells amazing, but Will must stay focused.

“Do you intend to stay? Or do you intend to tell me you kissed Alana Bloom again and scurry off?” Hannibal teases, offering a hand out for Will’s coat. He hands it over and can’t help rolling his eyes. He doesn’t have the patience for Hannibal’s psychoanalysis.

He doesn’t have the patience because Hannibal has been teasing him all fucking day. From eight in the morning when they got to the crime scene, to five fifteen when they left the lab. It’s been general teases, intellectual teases, even some goddamn sexual teases. He had to skip lunch with Bev Katz because he was so fucking ticked off with Hannibal’s behavior.

“I’ve had enough of your fucking teasing, Lecter.” Will snaps, cornering Hannibal against the wall. Hannibal raises his eyebrows, feigning offense as Will invades his space. This just pisses Will off all the more, this bastard still has the fucking audacity to act like he’s innocent.

“I never meant to upset you, Will.” Hannibal insists, a genuine expression on his face. But Will knows better. He’s got no remorse for all the personal hell he put him through today, and any expression he could put on wouldn’t distract from the hard facts.

But something else is yearning to be hard. Will grasps Hannibal's wrist, and Will doesn't miss the way he flinches. So, Hannibal must still have nerve sensitivity from when Matthew Brown slit his wrists. Perfect. A convenient way to cause this bastard fucker some well deserved pain.

He yanks Hannibal's hand up to his crotch, encouraging him to grab. Hannibal corrects his hand position and feels for the outline of Will's awakening cock. "You want to tease me so bad out in the field, I hope you're ready to get what you were asking for."

Hannibal's smile doesn't hide the pleasure of Will's aggressive resentment, and Will can't help the heavy pool that causes in his groin.

"The hour is yours." Hannibal purrs, kneading his hand over the quickly filling length.

"With all the things I want to do to you-" Will was cut off by a gasp as Hannibal's hand ventured down to find his testicles, and suddenly he can't remember what the hell he had been growling about.

"I don't mind working overtime." Hannibal speaks slyly, massaging the jeans where his balls sit.

Will groans and tears Hannibal's hand away, making quick work of his belt, dropping it on the floor of the entryway. He kicks off his shoes, and Hannibal watches and waits, analyzing what exactly it is Will needs from him.

The younger man wastes no time as he moves into the house, up the stairs. He expects Hannibal to follow, and he does like an obedient little puppy dog. Just a few steps behind, he follows as Will leads the way up to the bedroom that they've been in many times before.

Will waits for Hannibal to cross the threshold before pinning him against the wall, not even bothering to close the door. There's no one to interrupt them, so why bother.

Hannibal reaches up to undo his tie, and Will allows it, undoing the buttons on his own flannel as Hannibal meticulously folds his tie. Will takes it from him and throws it over his shoulder, allowing it to join his shirt crumpled on the floor.

Hannibal disapproval is apparent, but he's quickly distracted when Will swats down his hands so he can remove his suit jacket and ironed button up shirt. The younger man isn't exactly skilled at removing suits, so Hannibal takes over in case Will would lose his temper and rip the buttons out.

Will strips down to bare as Hannibal does the same, standing there just a little awkwardly. He's impatient, and walks to the bed, barking a command over his shoulder as he moves.

"On your knees." Will instructs.

"You can't arrest me for teasing you, Officer."

"God. I should've never told you I was a cop," Will laughs, but Hannibal doesn't miss the impatience hidden within the humor. He repeats his order, this time more specific, "Put your

back to the bed, on your knees."

Hannibal follows the orders, though they are a little strange. He understands why Will had asked him to be in such a position after he's settled, and Will moves to tower over him.

"I'm going to destroy your fucking throat so you can't say anything at all tomorrow." Will hissed, the fire in his eyes igniting as he watches Hannibal process the information.

He knows the older man understands when he tips his head back, allowing it to rest on the bed behind him. This effectively turns Hannibal's throat into a deep, deep tunnel for Will to shove his cock down.

Hannibal watches through hooded, lust filled eyes as Will props one leg up onto the bed, and leans over to put his cock right against the older man's cheek.

"Tap my leg twice if you need me to stop." Will explains, watching in awe as Hannibal automatically parts his lips just enough to reveal his jagged, sharp teeth. "I want to entirely ruin you, make you choke, but it would be a shame if you asphyxiated on my cock."

"What a way to die." Hannibal smirked, moving his hand up so it could rest on Will's strong thigh.

Will caught Hannibal's bottom jaw as he spoke, and forced it open wide. He used his other hand to redirect his cock down into the wide open throat. He doesn't tease, doesn't even give Hannibal a warm up; He just plunges in like the older man's throat is nothing more than a toy.

Hannibal chokes as Will's cock forces its way into his air pipe, and he squeezes onto Will's thigh as he takes a sudden inhale through his nose. Will's stomach where he leans over is making even breathing through his nose hard.

This is exactly what he deserves.

Will is shocked by just how deep he can go into Hannibal's throat, and it makes him wonder if Hannibal even has a gag reflex. He doesn't get long to ponder on it, because Hannibal does gag at one of Will's thrusts. It feels like heaven… Hannibal's muscles fighting back.

Will groans as he thrusts into the now constricting muscles. He isn't able to see Hannibal's face with how he's leaned over, fucking into the man's throat—but he can feel Hannibal's tears against his thighs when he thrusts.

"Fuck, how's it feel?" Will grunts, rolling his hips slowly almost as if to pace himself. Can't have too much at once, or he'll be coming down this fucker's throat much faster then he planned.

"Maybe now you'll get to experience how it f-f" Will stutters, gasping as Hannibal swallows around him, getting his control back over his throat. "fuck- feels to be unable to speak for yourself."

Will thrusts so hard that Hannibal's teeth nearly nick the skin at his hilt, but Hannibal is smart enough to force his jaw impossibly wider, preventing his teeth from becoming a problem.

“You took that from me. My fucking voice!” Will snaps, “Your word against mine didn’t look so good for me.” Will groans as Hannibal swallows around him again, squeezing his entire length. Will has to pull out to prevent himself from coming. Even if he fucking hates this fucker, he has to admit that he can swallow down dick like his fucking life depends on it. And he loves that about him.

Hannibal gasps for just a few moments, before he speaks, “You sent a proxy to kill me, you’re not as innocent as you’ve convinced yourself to be.”

“Brown couldn’t even finish the fucking job.” Will growled back, standing up again so he could glare down at Lecter on his knees.

“You could.” Hannibal panted, his leaking erection taking most of the weight out of his words.

Will knows that Hannibal knows what he’s capable of—he’s seen glimpses of it over the years, and Hannibal thinks it’s beautiful.

“On the bed,” Will commands, but it’s more of a dismissal to Hannibal’s statement. He waits impatiently for the older man to settle onto the bed, then he corrects him so it better suits his needs. Hannibal’s legs dangle from the side of the bed, but he lays on his back, his face in the center of the mattress.

Will starts with straddling Hannibal’s torso, and reaching down to find each of the older man’s wrists, adorned with angry red scars. They’re yet to turn white, and Will is shocked that Hannibal gets any sensation in them at all.

He’s rough when he yanks them above Hannibal’s head, and he deliberately digs his thumbs into the raised scar tissue on each wrist. This makes Hannibal hiss through his teeth, and his fingers flex in a quick effort to escape the pain.

Will raises himself up, and moves his body to hover over Hannibal’s mouth, and like the little obedient bitch he is, he sticks out his tongue by default. Will nearly smiles at his need to please, even with how much he’s been hounding at him tonight. It’s what he deserves. He deserves to be treated like a toy, like he’s nothing to Will.

But Will isn’t willing to accept the fact that Hannibal is something to him. He thinks about him daily, even on the ones that Hannibal isn’t around. He even thinks about him in bed… often. But hey, Hannibal was the one who suggested he take more “self care” time.

Will is gentle when he lowers himself down onto Hannibal’s face, taking care to position his hole right on the older man’s tongue. This is something they’ve never done before, but he knows how skilled Hannibal’s tongue is, so he trusts that Hannibal will make this good.

Will uses his grip on Hannibal’s wrists to balance himself as he moves his hips over the wet muscle. He groans when Hannibal puts his tongue away to suckle onto his hole, a sweet vacuum that has his toes curling at the new sensation. This is definitely something he could get used to.

Hannibal reintroduces his tongue, and it slips inside Will's hole easily. Hannibal hums his approval, and his tongue explores the first small bit of Will's passage. Will steadies his hips and allows Hannibal the short indulgence, because as soon as he's stretched out enough, he's going to ride this fucker's beautiful, pretentious face.

Hannibal gauges his movements by Will's reactions, and once the younger man is out of breath, he stills his tongue. He knows why Will insisted on being on top of him instead of their normal rimming, and he's more than willing to indulge his desires.

Will catches his breath before he starts to grind down onto Hannibal's tongue, which is now firmly buried inside of him. But it's just not enough.

He resituates himself so both of Hannibal's wrists are held in his left hand, and he reaches behind himself with his right to insert his first finger. He won't hit his prostate like this, but the added stimulation right beside Hannibal's strong tongue is blissfully perfect.

He's letting out sounds that he knows he would normally blush at, but when he adds another finger, he realizes he doesn't care.

Hannibal wants to touch, and Will is shocked by how long it took him to succumb to his instincts and overpower him, but that time does come.

Hannibal's wrists are torn from his single hand, and he doesn't react in time before he's pinned to the bed, flipped onto his front with his stretched hole exposed with Hannibal between his legs.

Hannibal pushes in, his cockhead catching on Will's hole before it enters, making the younger man yelp. It turns into a groan as Hannibal's cock spreads his walls further, and Hannibal pauses to allow him to adjust.

He leans over to growl right in Will's ear, "It's only a matter of time before the beast can't endure any more prodding, you know that."

Will laughs a humorless laugh and grinds his ass back on Hannibal's cock, challenging the older man while looking straight in his eyes. "The beast bites back."

Hannibal pulls out, then slams back in, pushing Will's body up the mattress. "Some beasts cannot be caged. You did not deserve to be caged."

"Is that almost an apology, Dr. Lecter?" Will pants out, his fingers twisting in the sheets as the pain twists into pleasure.

Hannibal threads his fingers through Will's curls and tugs, forcing Will's head up uncomfortably. "Almost." Hannibal growls, releasing Will's head to redirect his attention to holding onto the younger man's hips.

He shifts his thrusts down, aiming for Will's prostate. He knows he's found it when the man under him releases a long moan, broken by a sudden intake of breath.

“Yes-“ Will stumbles out, lifting his hips to help Hannibal keep his angle in the right spot. “Don’t stop, don’t you dare fucking stop.”

Hannibal’s smile is like the cheshire cat, wide and evil as he pounds down into Will’s ass. He wouldn’t dream of stopping, that would be exceptionally cruel.

Will is held down only by Hannibal’s weight, and his tight grip. His cock is caught between the silk sheets of Hannibal’s bed, and his own body. He feels like if he were to die right now, he’d go straight through to heaven with how fucking high and light he is in this moment. How can a man he hates so passionately make him feel like he’s in heaven? Hannibal put him behind fucking bars a few months ago, for christsake!

Hannibal keeps his pace for much longer then Will expected, pounding into his ass like some kind of wild animal. But he falters, obviously close to his orgasm, and Hannibal sighs out his warning of his building climax, his voice tight and Will can hear the struggle as he’s trying not to come prematurely.

But it isn’t premature, because Will is right there with him, his voice becoming more wrecked and wanton as his mind goes blank with the bliss of being so close to orgasm for so many moments.

Then it hits him like a tidal wave, dragging him under as his body tenses. His semen spreading on the silk linens, and over his stomach and chest. Hannibal comes quickly after, spilling inside of Will. It hits him too, suddenly. He doesn’t know if it was the scent of Will’s release, or the sounds that came out of the younger man’s throat… or a combination of the both, but it had him falling over the edge instantly.

His orgasm is entirely satisfying, and Will smirks as he glances over his shoulder to take in the sight of blissed-out Hannibal Lecter.

Will thinks through his post-orgasmic haze that he should’ve somehow managed to stop Hannibal from coming. He should’ve left the fucker unsatisfied; send him to bed with blue balls and dissatisfaction.

But, Will has to admit to himself that part of what made this sex so great was knowing that he completely and entirely took away Hannibal’s control—his power—and replaced it with the need for satisfaction. Not just that, but the need to please him, too. Will feels like he’s won.

Hannibal pulls out, just now softening after his release. Will rolls over and off of his release —which Hannibal seems to take as an invitation to join him. Which, fuck it all. Will doesn’t have enough brain power to tell him to stop, and no one but himself will know, in the end. He doesn’t need to be hostile towards Hannibal all the time... just when he’s being a total prick.

Hannibal lays down beside Will, pulling him into a gentle kiss. It gives Will butterflies, but he knows Hannibal is just manipulating him. Will knows Hannibal did the same thing to Alana, but he’s not nearly as blind as Bloom.

They spend a few minutes awkwardly cuddled together, their breathing slowing together. Hannibal rises without a word after ten minutes have passed. He pulls on a plush robe, and

he’s gone for maybe another ten minutes before he returns, this time with multiple items.

Hannibal carries two plates of something the younger man can’t quite define from where he’s laying, forks, and a damp washcloth.

The older man hands over the washcloth, allowing Will to clean himself off, and avoid yet another awkwardly intimate encounter. Hannibal situates the plates on the bed sheets, and waits expectantly for Will to sit up.

“Do you normally make dessert for two?” Will wonders, sitting up to identify the plate. It’s the same dish that Hannibal had made the night he drove an hour in the snow to snitch on himself.

“No,” Hannibal laughed, then he’s serious again, handing over the second fork in his hand. “I knew you’d be coming, so I prepared a treat.”

Will rolls his eyes, but accepts the fork without another word. He’s just as silent when he tries a bite of the sweet delight. It tastes even better than the first time Hannibal had served it to him.

Hannibal’s face is smug when a hum of approval unconsciously slips out from Will’s lips. This just makes Will blush, and it makes him just a little angry… but in a strangely affectionate way?

“Thank you, Hannibal.” Will mutters, and he leaves the appreciation vague on purpose. Hannibal smiles and tells Will that it was his pleasure. They sit in silence as they finish the dessert, Will quicker than Hannibal.

Hannibal collects Will’s plate, and stands to dispose of it properly. But he pauses in the doorway, his tone sincere when he promises, “I won't tease you anymore. I was just curious as to what would happen, and I can’t say I didn’t predict this outcome.”

“I hate you.” Will says, his voice lacking hostility.

He doesn’t hate Hannibal, and that’s just something he’s got to learn to accept.

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